

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT

AS SEEN IN LOOKING GLASS

Unique Method of Famous Doctor for Ridding Certain Sultans of Rich but Silly Subject.

It is related of a certain sultan who wished to seize upon the property of a rich but silly subject without killing him, that he sent for a famous doctor and asked him if it were not possible to administer some subtle poison in a person's food which would drive him mad if that person were rather weak mentally to begin with.

"Madness," replied the doctor, "is of the mind, not of the body. Therefore it is quite unnecessary to interfere with the physical functions. Instead of poison engage some of your most trusted people to ply him with curious questions on subjects that he knows nothing about but which appear very easy to answer, and in a month you may safely lock him up and dispose of his estate."

"What questions, for example?" demanded the sultan.

"For a beginning," suggested the doctor, "ask him why it is that when you look at anything in a mirror it is always reversed from right to left, but that otherwise the image is perfectly true. Why is it not also upside down. I write a word on a card and hold up a mirror thus:

"The letters are not upside down, but they are reversed. Turn your head sideways or, which is the same thing, turn the mirror and the card a quarter round and you get this appearance:



"The part of the mirror in line with the handle, that refused to reverse the image before, now does reverse it and the part that at first reversed the image now refuses to do so."

"It must be because the eye is between the card and its reflection," suggested the sultan.

"Not at all," answered the doctor. "Let us take this new kodak of yours, which has what is called a brilliant finder, showing the image right side up instead of being reversed, as it would be on the ground glass."

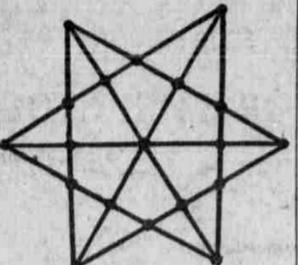
"Thousands of persons who use those finders when taking snapshots imagine that the picture they see in the finder is an exact reproduction of the same in front of them, but such is not the case. What is on the right in reality is on the left in the finder, but the image is right side up."

"Why does it reverse the picture from right to left and not from top to bottom, as it does on the ground glass? Turn the camera round and look into the finder the other way and the reflector that refused to reverse the image before now does so, but the part that was reversed is now straight."

"What is the explanation of the phenomenon?"

"The part of the mirror in line with the handle, that refused to reverse the image before, now does reverse it and the part that at first reversed the image now refuses to do so."

CLEVER FEAT IN GARDENING



A gardener was requested to plant nineteen trees in nine straight rows, each row to contain five trees.

This is how the clever gardener did it.

For Boys.

The word "Jack" is applied to any contrivance that does the work of a boy or servant. In French the name "Jacques" is a term used for a youth of mental condition. The term "country jake" is of kindred sense. Jack-lantern, Jack-a-napes, Jack Tar, Jack-o-Lantern, Black Jack, Jack Rabbit, the term applied to the knave in playing cards, Jack-in-the-box, and Jack-of-all-trades, show the derivative meaning. Hence, Jack-knife means a boy's knife.

In early days the Jack-knife headed the list of a boy's toys, and, with his skates, gave him the greatest pleasure. His skates were made of what do you suppose? Beef bones, fastened to the soles of his feet! The boys pushed themselves on the ice by means of poles shod with sharp iron points.

THE PIE.



(By MINNA IRVING.)

"I will make a pie," said Annie. "I am tired of baker's stuff. It is sure to be a good one. If the crust is light enough, so she got a bowl and chopper. 'This,' she cried, 'will be a mince full of raisins, spice and elder. Fit to set before a prince.'"

So she chopped and beat and kneaded, And she rolled the pastry out, And she popped it in the oven. It was light enough no doubt, And she drew it forth in triumph. But discovered in a minute That alas! she had forgotten To put any filling in it.

ELECTRIC EEL IS CURIOUS

Inhabitant of Fresh-Water Rivers and Ponds of Surinam and Other Parts of South America.

This curious fish, which exhibits the singular phenomenon of voluntary electric power residing in a living animal, is an inhabitant of the fresh-water rivers and ponds of Surinam and other parts of South America, where it was first discovered in the year 1677.

This power of emitting an electric shock is apparently given it in order to enable the creature to kill its prey. Those who have seen the electric eel in the Polytechnic while being fed will have little doubt of this. The fish given to it are, directly it becomes aware of their presence, instantly struck dead, and then devoured. This specimen is unfortunately blind, but it has learned to turn in the direction of a paddling in the water, made by the individual who feeds it. The fish is scarcely in the water before a shock from the gymnotus kills it. The usual length of the gymnotus is about three feet.

Capt. Stedman, in his account of Surinam, gives an account of the electric eel, which he, of course, had many opportunities of seeing. He attempted, for a trifling wager, to lift up a gymnotus in his hands, but according to his own words:

"I tried about twenty different times to grasp it with my hand, but all without effect, receiving just as many electrical shocks, which I felt even to the top of my shoulder. It has been said that this animal must be touched with both hands before it gives the shock, but this I must take the liberty of contradicting, having experienced the contrary effect." The eel mentioned was a small one, only two feet long; but one that had arrived at its full growth would have given a very much stronger shock. An English sailor was fairly knocked down by a shock from one of these eels, nor did he recover his senses for some time. It is said that the shock can pass up a stick, and strike the person holding it. Mr. Bryant and a companion were both struck while pouring off the water from a tub in which the eel had been placed.

Humboldt, in his "Views of Nature," gives a very animated description of the method employed by the Indians to take these creatures—a method equally ingenious and cruel. Knowing from experience that the powers of the gymnotus are not adequate to a constant volley of shocks, they contrive that shocks shall be expended on the horses instead of themselves.

Having found a pool containing electric eels, they force a troop of wild horses to enter the pool. The disturbed eels immediately attack intruders and destroy many of them by repeated shocks; but by constantly forcing fresh supplies of horses to invade the pool, the powers of the gymnotus become exhausted, and they are then dragged out with impunity.

New Winter Game.

Many people in search of a new amusement for the winter evenings will have cause to be thankful to Mr. Cyril Maude. He invented a new game—"Jumping Beans." All that is necessary is a plate and a few of the "jumping beans" from Mexico, with which most people are familiar. The plate is marked with a series of concentric circles—like an archery target—and each bean is marked with a splash of color, identifying it as being owned by one of the players. The plate is then warmed slightly and the beans are put into the center circle. The winner of the game is the player whose bean first reaches the outermost circle, and the erratic movements of the "horses" make the issue most excitingly problematical.

Bugs.

Several thousands of bugs came to Boston from Calcutta a few days ago. There are bugs of every conceivable shape and size and color, and they are all hungry. They are for the use of the government bureau of entomology (you do not have to pronounce that word if you don't care to) in its fight against the worms that destroy vegetation in America.

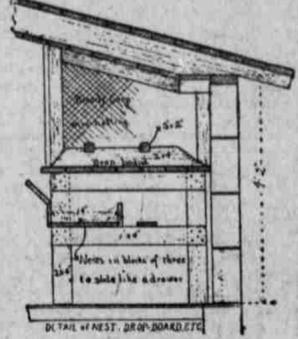
POULTRY

OPEN FRONT POULTRY HOUSE

So Constructed That Air is Constantly Changing, Leaving it Always Pure and Hens Comfortable.

Up to the present time, all building of poultry houses, and in connection with University Farm, has been with a view only to economy, simplicity, the convenience of the keeper and the comfort of the fowls. The aim has been to keep the cost of construction down, so that the average farmer, who wishes to adopt our plans, will find them easily within his means. We have introduced no fancy or complicated devices, which consume time and so easily get out of order. We have sought to locate doors, windows and nests in such places as will be convenient in doing the work; and to insure such protection and comfort to the fowls as shall promote their best endeavors in the line of laying eggs, says the Minnesota Farmers' Library.

In all of our houses the so-called "open front" is adopted; that is, a front a large portion of whose area is occupied only by a thin sheet of muslin, and by windows which may be opened or closed, to suit the weather. The aim has been to make the walls perfectly tight except in front. We then have the same principle in ventilation by trying to create a draft in the bottle equal each other, and what air is forced in must come out through the same opening. Just so with the



Detail of Cross Section of Tile House.

chicken-pen; what change in the air takes place is made gradually, but the change is constantly going on, so that the air is always pure, while the temperature remains comfortable to the hens. Here is the answer to the question—usually the first one asked by visitors: "Are these houses warm enough in winter?" Fowls do not have to be kept warm in winter in order that they may lay eggs regularly. The animals of the warm southern climates are not so thrifty and vigorous as those of the North. This is equally true with poultry. Therefore, imitating that unsurpassed pattern-maker, Nature, we give the birds all the benefits of winter's exhilarating atmosphere. In our poultry houses the water freezes, and must be changed twice a day.

The floors of our houses are of cement, laid on a bed of cinders, which prevents water from coming up. A thin layer of sand underlies the cinders, which are spread three inches thick and well tamped down. Over these is spread two and a half to three inches of cement; and, later, a top coat half an inch thick is added. Such a cement floor will last longer, is rat and vermin proof, is the easiest to clean and, with a good covering of litter, it is as comfortable as any for the fowls.

Too much glass in a poultry-house is objectionable, as rendering the place too hot in summer and on bright days in winter, and too cold at night in winter and on cloudy days. Small lights are preferable to large ones; because, when broken, they can be more cheaply replaced. A tall, narrow window is better than a broad one with the same number of lights; because it admits more sunlight and, as the sun moves from east to west, its rays are distributed over the whole floor. In midwinter the rays of the sun will be thrown back into the pen two and a half feet for every foot in height of the window. For example, a window six feet high will throw sunshine six times two and a half feet, or fifteen feet back into the building.

Lean Meat is Beneficial.

A little lean meat is very beneficial for stock ducks and should be mixed with the morning feed for wash. Granulated meat, or butcher's refuse, boiled and chopped up, answers the purpose admirably.

The latter gives equally as good results as the former and is considerably cheaper. Green food should be given liberally to the ducks when they are kept in confinement, those at liberty being able to obtain sufficient for themselves.

Improving the Flock.

There isn't much chance for a farmer to make his poultry more profitable until he gets the idea out of his head that a male bird for improving his flock isn't worth more than a common market rooster.

THE ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. NESTLE

The ANTI-SUFFRAGETTE



West Union, O.—One hundred vote sellers appeared before Judge Blair and paid their fines Monday.

Danville, Ill.—Several public officials have expressed a willingness to tell the grand jury the entire story of the purchase of votes.

What? Let the women vote? Why should the primal rights of man be crushed beneath the heel that tramps the pathway of this plan? Man was created higher than the feeble, gentler sex; 'Twas he whom nature fitted for the problems sore that vex The mind and try the heart and call for intellect that sees The baffling frets of government and all its mysteries.

And who should take a woman from the citadel of home And send her out unshielded, 'mid the coarser class to roam? Ah, no, my brethren, we, the men, must meet this heavy task. 'Tis not a duty that we have a right of her to ask! O, woman, noblest work of all! Who'd smudge the Lily's white By tainting it with balloting? Who'd touch it with that blight?

Nay, let us bid her keep away from all those common things. We'll see her as an angel fair with halo and with wings. Aside from that poetic view, we will not soil her hands in this way; With all the work of government no woman understands. Aye, man, pure man, shall bear the brunt, and he shall overcome The onslaughts of the ones who strike at our palladium.

What? Let the women vote? Why, down would tumble all our shrines! And governmental honor would be blown up as by mines! Ah, brethren, do not sully our ideals in this way; Let all the women stay at home upon election day. They're better far at dusting floors and wiping off the shelves— How can we trust the women when we cannot trust ourselves?

Simple Parlor Magic Again.

The Mysterious Watch.—For this feat you need no preparation. After a few moments of merry chatter you borrow from some one in the audience a watch. Having obtained this—an open-faced watch is best—ask some other person to loan you a small hammer. Almost any one will have this implement in his possession. Taking the hammer in your right hand, approach some one with a smile and ask him for an anvil. Naturally, he will not have it. Prior to the performance, you will have concealed an anvil in your sleeve. Pretending to search the last person's pockets, you will produce the anvil. Now, lay the watch on the anvil, and beat it to fragments with the hammer. Then ask any lady to lend you her handkerchief. Into this place the pieces of the watch. Fold the handkerchief neatly and give it to a third party to hold. Now pronounce some mystic words slowly, and then unfold the handkerchief, taking therefrom the watch in perfect condition.

It is best to practice this feat many times until you attain perfection. After you are sure of yourself you can do the same trick with a grandfather's clock.

Real Beauty.

The chorus always seems to be A palanquin of rare charm, The prima donnas, too, we see Are fair of face and arm— But O, of all the loveliness That comes before our scan, There's nothing equal to—I guess— The leading tenor man.

And Then!

"What makes you so white and out of breath?" asks the friend of the man who has rushed into the store and is looking for a place of concealment.

"I met Lieut. Peary down street and asked him to head a party to go and discover Dr. Cook," shuddered the other.

Unnecessary Talk.

"What did your wife have to say when you got home so late last night?" asked the friend who is chewing clover.

"She didn't have to say anything," explained the man with the sleepless-looking eyes, "but that didn't make any difference to her."

McDonald Nesbit

Such a Thing as Luck

By M. J. PHILLIPS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"And so, William Adolphus," said Brinkley Aldrich, "you're discharged." "You don't mean I'm canned?" wailed William Adolphus McGuire, otherwise known as "Wad." "Aw, say, Mister Aldrich, give me another chance."

The lawyer shook his head. "Nothing doing, William Adolphus. I can't bother with you any more. First, you lost that draft going down street—"

"I didn't mean to do it," interrupted the weeping Wad.

"And then you struck my mother in the face with a ball of paper—"

"I didn't know she was coming; I was showing Snags Raymond, the elevator kid, the forward pass."

"And now you've banged into Mr. Colliston and knocked him down. The old gentleman recognized you as my office boy, and went away angry. His business was worth a thousand dollars a year to me."

"Aw, Mister Aldrich," pleaded Wad; "can't you make 'lowances for a guy havin' hard luck?"

It was the wrong thing to say. Since Brinkley Aldrich had graduated with both scholarship and athletic honors from college, he had dominated circumstances. Everything came out as he planned, because he possessed ability above the ordinary, left nothing to chance, and was a tireless worker. "Luck," he regarded as the excuse of the weak and the indolent and the stupid.

"Hard luck!" he snorted now. "Hard luck! There's no such thing as luck, William Adolphus. A chap either does things—or he doesn't. He alone deserves the credit, or he alone is to blame. There are laziness and incompetence and thickheadedness, but hard luck—bah! You know better than that!"

William Adolphus did not pursue the subject further. "I dunno what 'I'll do," he sniffed. "I can tell the old lady you gave me two days' vacation; but if I don't start out to work Monday morning, she'll break my back!"

Aldrich handed him four silver dollars. "There's your pay," he observed. "I'm sorry for your plight, but you need a lesson. Maybe a licking from your mother will drive this pernicious 'hard luck' idea out of your head. And you'll never be successful till that happens."

Wad took the money and forgot to weep. A full week's pay and two days' vacation were tangible. This being "canned" had some advantages, after all. "Say, Mister Aldrich," he said at parting, as he jingled the money in his pocket, "if you change your mind, send for me, will you?"

Aldrich promised, with a smile. The earth might stop and begin spinning backward; the sky might fall. They were possibilities, and it was also possible that he might change his mind in this matter. But once the evidence had been gathered, weighed, and a decision reached, any of the three phenomena had an equal chance of coming to pass.

The young attorney caught an afternoon train for his mother's place, Cornwall-on-the-Lake. The roar and clash of the city's manifold noises had seemed more sharp than ever when he left his office and walked to the station. It was freezing hard; and there had been no snow for two weeks. That meant there would be famous skating on the lake. His pulses bounded with pleasurable anticipation.

It was too early for the homeward rush of commuters and the train was only comfortably filled. Aldrich selected a seat half way down the day-coach and stretched out his long legs. His bag went into the rack overhead; his overcoat was disposed over the back of the seat beside him.

A two hours' run and Cornwall Junction came into sight. There he was to change to a branch line; the lake was still twenty miles away. As the train stopped he rose and stretched forth his hand for his bag. At that precise moment the brakeman opened the forward door. A cinder sailed down the aisle, dodged divers and sundry other passengers, and struck Aldrich in the right eye.

It was a small cinder—not nearly so large as the head of a pin. But it was laden with weighty possibilities. It was sharp, and it cut a bit, just enough to become painful. Aldrich sat down, his grip in his lap, and began rubbing the tear-laden and protruding eye. No use; the cinder stuck.

Other passengers were disembarking. They streamed out the front door while the incoming ones charged on the vacated seats from the rear. At the conductor's warning cry Aldrich got up, still rubbing his eye, and hastened down the aisle.

On the door it occurred to him that he had forgotten his overcoat, which would never have happened had it not been for the cinder. He did not know that his seat had already been pre-empted by a young man who had dropped a suitcase and a bag into it and placed a strikingly pretty young woman beside them with the words: "Keep watch of the truck, sis, while I see if there's a parlor car."

Aldrich almost forgot the hurt in his eye as he reached for the overcoat and said: "I beg your pardon —"

He got no further. The gloved hands of the girl closed on the whisk-

ing garment. "What are you doing with my brother's coat?" she asked, coldly.

"But it isn't," replied the surprised lawyer. "It's mine, please," he added as the engine bell tolled.

The girl simply tightened her grip. "I suppose those are yours?" indicating the bags which had rested against the coat.

"No; I have my bag. But I forgot the coat."

He jerked gently. The train had started to move.

His antagonist, who was more than twenty, braced herself and jerked in turn. Aldrich, caught unawares, banged against the metal arm of the seat. Other passengers began to notice the controversy. The lawyer was hotly aware that amused faces were turned in his direction.

"Strangers you should forget your coat and not your bag," said the girl, with meaning scorn. Her cheeks were glowing and she was handsomer than ever. "And equally strange that it should be black, silk-lined and silk-faced, just like my brother's."

Aldrich looked out of the window despairingly. The train was well under way; the snow-covered landscape was slipping by rapidly. He had missed his connection at the junction; but he wanted to get away. If he could but secure the coat and escape into the smoker! "I rode from the city in this seat," he explained patiently. "I can prove it's my coat; there's a pair of brown kid gloves in the pocket."

The girl looked down. A brown kid glove was protruding from the uppermost pocket. Another coincidence," she commented. "My brother also wears brown gloves, as you see!"

"Hello; what's all this?" said a voice behind.

The girl turned joyfully. "Oh, George," she said, "this gentleman—the accent on the word made Aldrich wince—has mistaken your coat for his. And he's trying to take it away from me!"

"Well, well!" George's voice shook strangely. "Funny I hadn't noticed it—seeing I'm wearing my own coat. And the robber is Aldrich, naughty-three. Brink, you old pirate!"

Aldrich sat at his desk Monday morning, engaged in a day dream, despite the fact that the outer office was full of clients. His feet rested among scattered papers on the surface of the mahogany; his hands were clasped behind his head.

Thus ran his musings: "She's a darling! And to think she's old George Melody's sister. Dorothy Melody—Dorothy Melody—Dorothy! Mighty pretty name, that."

His eyes became more alert. "Princeville isn't any farther from the city than Cornwall. I can go up there for the week-end occasionally—if they'll ask me. I must make up to old George. And to think that if it hadn't been for that blessed cinder I wouldn't have met her! If that isn't luck, the greatest of luck—"

He stopped and glanced over his shoulder guiltily; but there were no grubby hands rustling his papers; no shrill whistle in the outer office.

His feet came down off the desk. He reached for a sheet of paper and a pen, and wrote rapidly. With an honest, shame-faced grin he read what he had written: "Dear Wad—Come back to work. I have changed my mind; there is such a thing as luck, after all." He signed his name, sealed the note, and rang for a messenger.

"There!" he said, squaring his shoulders. And then: "Dorothy Melody. By jove, that's a pretty name!"

Hospital Fighters.

Into a hospital came two men with battered faces.

"Street fight?" said the surgeon in charge.

It was. Under the doctor's directions orderlies moved beds and patients around until the newcomers were separated the length of the ward.

"In this case that precaution may not be necessary," he said, "but after a street brawl it very often is. Before we learned the peculiarities of those people it happened more than once that two men who were mortal enemies were brought in and laid out side by side. Each saw his advantage and was foxy enough to keep still until they were left alone in adjoining cots, then they sailed into each other tooth and nail, trying to finish the job that had been interrupted in the street. Once or twice they nearly succeeded. Now chance patients with pugilistic tendencies are placed so far apart that a neighborly interchange of uppercuts is out of the question."

Six Horse-Power Horse.

A correspondent of a French Newspaper, desiring to ascertain the actual strength of a powerful horse, visited several of the stables that use the finest horses in Paris, and in those of a good trucking company he selected an eight-year-old Percheron which for three years had been engaged continually in hauling cut stone for building purposes. This horse seemed to him the most powerful in Paris. He tested the animal and it was able to haul a block of stone about 20 feet cube, weighing 13½ tons, placed upon a car that weighed 4½ tons, making a total weight of 17½ tons. This is a task to which six horses would ordinarily be put.